The Bloodbath of Red

Chapter 1 The civil war of mars begins

On the dusty red planet of Mars a sound cut through the silence like a blade, confirming every civilian’s worst fear: war had been declared.This was the siren for declaration of war

Fear rippled through the crowds — this wouldn’t be just another mere conflict. It was a full-scale massacre brewing between those who wanted to restore the ancient hierarchy of control and those dreaming of a republic — free and ruled by the many.

Innocent Martians, trapped in the crossfire, turned their gaze toward Earth — a place where humans had once shown mercy. Could refuge be found there again?

This is how it all began.

This is how the Bloodbath on Planet Red was set into motion.

As a Martian caught between survival and loyalty, here is my firsthand account of the civil war that shattered our world — and how hope was salvaged from the ruins, one final time.

Hope was fading fast in this red, broken land. Parents tried to comfort their children — and themselves — as fear swallowed the air. Sadness hung heavy like a dark cloud. From the distance, shouting echoed. Many chose to escape in base flyers — cylindrical capsules, Mars’ version of human cars, equipped with boosters. (Money doesn’t exist here; we trade with rations instead.)

I raced back to my crater, grabbing the few belongings I owned and stuffing them into a hard clay bowl — our version of a backpack. Sealing the lid tight, I headed toward my only escape: Earth.

As I climbed into the flyer, a deafening *BOOM!* shattered the ground. I ducked instinctively, shielding myself as a nuclear bomb detonated somewhere nearby — yet it felt like it exploded right beside me.

Hours, or as Earthlings say, “hours,” passed while I fled the ruins of my city, leaving behind the only planet I’d ever called home... for the great unknown that awaited me on your world.

When I landed on Earth about a “week” later, I stayed hidden, avoiding detection at all costs. It didn’t take long before I realized I’d touched down in a place called London. (Humans have strange names for their cities.)

Exhausted from the painful journey, I found a temporary refuge and allowed myself a brief moment of rest. But there was no time to waste. I needed to find the two saviors of our planet — Maya and Mia — the heroes who once freed Mars from its rigid social chains.

I *had* to find them.

The sun lit up the oak trees, casting golden light across the land. A thought burned in my mind: Why had Martians destroyed such beauty? And worse — why was Earth now walking down the same dark path? Breaking its own world apart, piece by piece, all for greed.

As a child, we learned about Mars’ ancient beauty — oceans, forests, life — all lost beneath the rising poison of carbon dioxide. We Martians had advanced technology, yes, but at a terrible cost. Ecosystems shattered, and power-hungry tycoons crawled out of the shadows, desperate to control what little remained.

Looking around at Earth, I wondered: Was history doomed to repeat itself?

I had a new mission now.

I would not let Earth suffer the same fate as Mars.

Chapter 2 A stranger among them

I rose slowly to my feet, the brittle dust of Mars clinging to my boots like a memory I couldn't shake. Behind me stretched the shattered ruins of my home — a once-proud world now scarred and silent. Ahead lay only the unknown: a future woven from fear, uncertainty, and the fragile thread of hope I carried in my heart. A heavy ache throbbed with every step.

The ache of all I had abandoned.

The ache of everything I had lost.

Yet from the depths of that sorrow, determination took root. Mars would not crumble into forgotten dust. I had a mission — a final purpose — burning brighter than my despair.

I *must* find them.

The two humans whose names still whispered through ravaged cities: Maya and Mia.

The saviours of a broken people. The ones who once offered us freedom.

Before the war stole everything, our scientists had made a desperate breakthrough: technology that allowed us to shapeshift, to blend among the Unknowns — the Earthlings.

It came at a cost.

The process leeched energy from our core, weakening us the longer we stayed disguised. But what choice did I have? If even a sliver of hope remained, I would risk everything.

Just as I began to settle into Earth's strange rhythms, a chilling ripple ran through my core — a signal. A deep, low-frequency pulse only Martians could sense. It was an urgent call, a desperate cry from home. Earth was no longer safe — not because of humans, but because something terrible was brewing back on Mars. The war had twisted into something even darker. Heart pounding, I made the hardest decision yet: I had to return. I had to know what was happening — before it reached Earth.

There was nowhere else to go.

No crater to crawl back to.

No family to return to, My fear came true right before my very eyes, I was now a refugee of mars.

There was no life to rebuild.

I had to return to Mars. I had to try.

I told myself it was perfect timing — the planets aligned, closer than they would be for months. I convinced myself it was fate.

But deep down, I knew the truth.

I longed for the impossible.

To turn back time, to bury myself in the quiet comfort of childhood, to pretend Mars was still the world I'd once known.

But fantasy couldn't save us.

We were too far gone.

Too deep in blood and dust to turn back.

All that remained was forward — into the unknown — carrying the weight of a broken planet on my shoulders.

vv Mahiba, this chapter has all the ingredients of a gripping sci-fi adventure—emotion, suspense, friendship, and a ticking clock! Let me polish it up to make your voice shine with that same strong, clear, and hopeful energy you want, while tightening flow and amps up the stakes for Scholastic-level impact:

Chapter 3: Return to the Ruins

Mars greeted me not with open arms, but with a broken silence thick with smoke and sorrow. The once-proud plains were now charred fields of ash. The skies that once shimmered a soft red were bruised black and grey. There was no time to mourn.

I forced myself to set aside the cauldron of fear bubbling inside me and calm my trembling hands. I had returned with a mission — and weakness was a luxury I couldn't afford.

As I scanned my surroundings, a sharp realization hit me — I was near my old crater home, the one I had abandoned in desperate haste. If I was careful, I could slip back unnoticed, like a ghost in the ruins, pretending for a few precious moments that none of this had ever happened.

My heart twisted, but I pushed it down and made my way toward the familiar. Dust devils danced across the landscape, whispering secrets of battles lost and dreams shattered.

Approaching the cracked remains of my home sparked an idea. I needed information. And who better to trust than an old friend — someone who knew this city's heartbeat better than anyone?

With that last flicker of hope, I pulled my hood tight and slipped into the shadows, determined to uncover the truth about how my quirky, beautiful Martian world had been reduced to this wasteland — and what horrors might still be coming.

I journeyed to my old friend's crater, heart pounding with every step across the scorched plains. Her home, once bright and welcoming, was now dulled by dust and despair.

Wrapping a tentacle around the rim — the Martian way of knocking — I waited in tense silence. Moments later, she emerged, her face tight with anxiety. When she saw me, relief washed over her features, and a wide smile broke through.

“Wow, I can’t believe it’s been all these years! Want to come inside?” Her voice cracked with emotion.

I grinned, feeling the warmth of her kindness wash over me. We’d been inseparable as young Martians, adventuring across craters and canyons without a care. Time had driven us apart, but some bonds are too deep to break. Sometimes, words aren’t needed — only the silent trust that withstands everything.

Inside, I exhaled deeply. For the first time in forever, I was safe. I was home.

We spoke in hushed, urgent tones — about the war, about how everything we loved was crumbling. I confessed my desperate plan to flee to Earth. She admitted she had thought the same.

She invited me to join her family’s flight from Mars, but I shook my head. “I can’t leave yet. I must finish what you started first.”

Leaning closer, I asked, “Have you seen the council reports? Anything about new plans... or about Earth?”

She hesitated, tentacles twisting nervously. “Maybe... maybe we shouldn’t flee to Earth at all,” she whispered. “Maybe Europa... or Ganymede? One of Jupiter’s moons?”

Tears welled in her shimmering eyes.

“What’s wrong? You can tell me,” I said gently. “Whatever it is, we’ll figure it out together.”

Finally, she broke. “There’s been an emergency council meeting,” she choked out. “They’ve declared a ceasefire... not to rebuild Mars... but to invade Earth. Mars has run out of time. Earth — it’s so full of life. Green things... blue oceans... beauty everywhere. And they want to take it all. They’re going to ruin it — just like we ruined our own world...”

Her voice crumbled into a whimper.

I sat frozen, the horror crashing over me like a tidal wave. Invading Earth? Destroying everything beautiful all over again?

I had to act.

I had to find Maya and Mia before there was no Earth — and no astronauts — left to save.

Gripping the edge of the seat with my slimy tentacle, I forced calm into my racing thoughts.

“I have something to tell you,” I mumbled, voice trembling. “I have a plan... Do you remember, back when we were small, how we had a ruler who possessed the enchanted sceptre?”

She nodded, eyes narrowing, trying to piece it together.

“We need to find those astronauts again,” I pressed, urgency sharpening my words. “We need Earth’s help once more. I went to Earth yesterday — only for a day — but had to return when the universal signal was sent out. Someone must have discreetly activated it... to warn us all.”

Her eyes widened, fear flashing across her face.

“We need to find Maya and Mia,” I said. “They’re the only ones who can stop this before it’s too late.”

She quivered, hugging herself. “Someone sent the signal?” she whispered. “There were rumors yesterday... but I didn’t think much of it until now.”

Panic crept into her voice. “You’re right. We need to find those humans... but how? War’s already declared! Our armies are heading for Earth — they could arrive any moment now!”

Her words sank into my bones. All color drained from me.

“Are you alright?” she gasped. “You’ve gone DEATHLY pale!”

I gave a small smile, though my mind raced like a meteor storm.

“I figured it out,” I said, excitement lighting my voice. “They’re a heavy, slow army. It’ll take them two weeks to reach Earth. But we’re small, fast — we can make the trip in one day. That gives us three Earth days to find Maya and Mia... and stop this madness before it’s too late.”

My friend leaned in, eyes gleaming with new hope.

“Three days...” she whispered, almost in disbelief. “That could be just enough.”

I nodded firmly. “We have no time to waste. We’ll need a ship — small, fast, quiet enough to slip through unnoticed.”

She bit her lip, thinking. “I know someone... a mechanic who owes me a favor. He’s hidden a prototype flyer deep in the crater fields. It’s camouflaged — old but fast. If we get to it before anyone notices...”

“Perfect,” I said, determination blazing through me.

“But...” she hesitated, “getting to it will be dangerous. Patrols have increased since the war. If we’re caught—”

“Then we won’t get caught,” I interrupted with a bold grin. “We’ve gotten out of trickier situations before, haven’t we?”

She laughed weakly, rough but real.

“Alright,” she said, standing straighter. “Tonight. We sneak out under cover of dust storms. Once we have the ship... we fly to Earth.” “And then,” I added, voice low and steady, “we find Maya and Mia — and we save both our worlds.”
We shook tentacles — an old Martian promise we made as kids — sealing our pact. Whatever happened next, there was no turning back now, we were in way too deep to get back out

Chapter 4: Before the Storm

We left at noon. For the first few hours, neither of us spoke. The silence thickened between us, growing heavier with each passing moment. Finally, unable to bear it, I broke it.

“Should we make code names for when we arrive on Earth?” I suggested, remembering how she loved coming up with clever aliases when we were young.

A faint smile flickered on her lips but quickly faded. “Will we have to use the forbidden shapeshifting tech? Are we really, doing this?” she murmured, doubt clouding her usually joyous voice.

I nodded slowly, seriously. There was no turning back.

Her eyes brightened just a little. “You said code names?”

“You can be Lyra. I’ll be Alya,” I said firmly.

For the first time in days, she smiled — a real, radiant grin — as if those names gave her back a piece of the courage, we both so badly needed.

As we neared Earth’s atmosphere, we prepared ourselves. We morphed into our new human forms and stepped into the unknown, searching desperately for the only two who could stop the coming annihilation.

When daylight broke across the forest, casting luminous shadows, I thought, *Why does the Martian council threaten to take away this astonishing beauty? Why ruin humanity’s one chance to experience wonders we never could?*

Chapter 5: Humans Help Out

Lyra crept up behind me and whispered, “Let’s go find those humans.”

With courage pounding in our hearts and fear close behind, we transformed into humans. Back on Mars, shapeshifting had been banned just a week after its discovery. Scientists warned of the damage: rapid energy loss, weakened immune systems, unpredictable side effects. But desperate times called for desperate measures. To blend in, we had to become one of them.

The transformation was dizzying. Limbs stretched, vision narrowed, and the buzzing hum of Martian senses dulled to a sharp human focus. We stumbled forward, unsteady on unfamiliar feet, adjusting to Earth’s gravity — heavier than Mars’s, yet somehow freeing.

We stepped into Earth’s bustling streets, the breeze crisp and unfamiliar on our borrowed skin. Crowds moved with rhythm and purpose, their conversations loud and jumbled. Crossing street after street, we didn’t speak. Our silence wasn’t awkward — it was focused. Every second counted.

Eventually, we reached a place filled with people and metal machines — a train station. I paused, observing. Humans inserted colorful slips of paper into machines and passed through gates. Currency? Identity checks? Too complex to understand. Lyra glanced around, sharp-eyed, then nudged me.

“Over there,” she whispered.

A massive billboard plastered with announcements and flyers stood against the wall. They had to be known. They went to Mars, after all. Wouldn’t they be remembered? Celebrated?

And there — my breath caught.

At London Park Place: Maya and Mia, astronauts who went to Mars! Join us on 10th June 2081 at 11:30. A legacy remembered.

I stared. Lyra stared. Then we turned to each other, speechless. This was our moment. The stars had aligned.

I rushed to a passing human. “Excuse me, what day is it?”

He glanced at a small glowing rectangle in his hand. “10th June,” he said casually. “It’s 11:00 sharp.”

I blinked. Eleven. We had half an hour.

“Do you know where London Park Place is?” I asked breathlessly.

He pointed. “Just down that road, second left. You’ll see the signs.”

I thanked him—twice—and dashed back to Lyra. She didn’t need a word. She was already moving, quickening her pace.

“If we get there early, they’ll be setting up,” she said, breathless but determined. “We can talk to them before the crowds arrive.”

I nodded, forcing my legs to move. But every step felt heavier. Our energy was draining fast.

The transformation took more out of us than expected. Our Martian bodies weren't built for this.

By the time we reached London Park Place, we were pale and shaking, barely holding on.

But the moment we saw them, everything else faded.

Maya and Mia.

There they were, arranging displays and talking to workers. Confident, calm — Earth's heroes. I could hardly believe it.

Lyra, despite exhaustion, called out, "Maya! Mia!"

They turned, brows furrowed in confusion.

"Can we help you?" Mia asked, approaching. "The exhibition doesn't start until half past—"

"We're not here for the exhibition," I whispered, voice strained. "My name is Alya. This is Lyra. We're from Mars... and we need your help."

Maya's eyes widened, face paling. Mia tilted her head, skeptical but not dismissive.

"There's going to be a war," Lyra continued. "A real one. Mars is collapsing. They've called a ceasefire — only to gather their armies and invade Earth. You helped us once. Please... help us again."

Silence.

The rustle of flyers in the breeze. The thrum of distant engines. My heart pounded. My palms were cold.

If they said no...

Mia exchanged a look with Maya. The air between them was tense.

“Come with us,” Mia finally said. “To the dressing room. We’ll talk there.”

Relief rushed through me so fast I nearly stumbled.

Inside the quiet room, we sat on a bench while they closed the door behind them.

“Tell us everything,” Maya said. “From the beginning.”

And we did.

Maya and Mia exchanged serious looks, a silent agreement passing between them. Maya spoke first, voice steady but urgent. “When we visited Mars the first time, we learned far more than we shared with the public. We discovered the codes the Martian fleets use to communicate. If we can hack into their systems and send a shutdown command, we could delay the invasion — maybe confuse them long enough to stop it.”

Mia leaned forward, eyes blazing. “There’s more. We secretly kept the old alliance signals — hidden symbols and frequencies some Martians still recognize from the peace days. If we broadcast them, it might sow doubt. Make them question whether this war is right.”

Alya and Lyra’s eyes lit with new hope. Maybe it wasn’t too late.

“But we’ll need to move fast,” Mia warned, glancing at the clock. “There’s an abandoned transmitter buried beneath London Park Station. If we reach it, we can amplify the signal strong enough to reach the approaching fleet.”

Maya stood, jaw set. “It’s risky. Martian scouts might already be here. If they find us, it’s over.”

“But if we don’t try,” Alya said quietly, “Earth falls… and Mars falls with it.”

Everyone nodded. The race against time had begun.

The transmitter was close — a flicker of hope for my weary heart. But even as I clung to it, a deeper fear crept in: would the armies listen? Would they obey ancient laws? Or would fear make them strike faster, destroying everything before we could stop them?

London Park wasn't grand — no fountains, no massive trees. Just scraggly bushes, a patch of thin grass, and scattered trees on dusty ground. But now, it was the most beautiful place I'd ever seen. Even the weak sun filtering through gray clouds made it glow golden in my eyes. This small, ordinary park held the key to saving two worlds.

Maya dove into the bushes, searching desperately. I staggered to the trees, running fingers along rough bark, checking for hidden signs. Lyra, blinking against exhaustion, scanned open spaces. Mia, full of human energy, grabbed a stick and dug up patches of earth wherever she thought something might be buried.

Every so often, Maya or Mia glanced at me, firing rapid questions about Mars.

"What was your sky like?"
"Did you have oceans once?"

"How did you survive the Dust Years?"

I answered between gasps, feeling strength drain faster than ever. Shapeshifting was dangerous for Martians—I felt it in every bone and muscle. Still, I forced myself upright. We were so close.

Finally, Mia took pity and gently pushed me toward the dressing room. "Rest," she said firmly. "We'll call you if we find anything."

Rest? I couldn't sit still. My body slumped, but my mind raced. I peeked through a crack in the door, heart thudding. What if we failed? What if it was too late? Every second felt like a lifetime.

Then — it happened.

A sharp, breathless yelp cut the air.

“Maya! Alya! Lyra! I think... I found it!” Mia’s voice rang out, full of shock and hope.

I lurched to my feet, stumbling outside. Everything blurred. Every step felt like wading through syrup. Lyra was there, blinking away sleep, body leaning forward with desperate hope.

Mia crouched by disturbed earth, brushing dirt aside to reveal something small and silver — the transmitter.

My heart nearly exploded. I dropped to my knees, hands trembling, and pressed the activation button.

There was a deafening “BOOM” — a soundless blast, felt deep in the bones rather than heard.

Maya and Mia flinched, confused.

“Did it work?” Maya demanded, eyes wide.

As the world spun and vision blurred, I caught shadowy figures emerging from the trees. Martian soldiers! They must have tracked us. I tried to call out, but strength abandoned me.

Rough hands seized my arms. Someone screamed my name, but her voice was distant — like an echo underwater.

Maya and Mia rushed forward, but it was too late. Everything faded to black as I was dragged into the unknown...

I nodded weakly, vision spinning. Only Martians could hear the true call of the universal signal. The message had gone out — a desperate cry for ceasefire, for peace.

I opened my mouth to speak, to explain — but the spinning world tilted, and everything faded to black.

Chapter 6: The Awakening Call

Darkness clouded my mind, thick and heavy, but distant sounds began to seep in—shouting, hurried footsteps, a strange rattling noise. I tried to move, but my body felt like stone. Slowly, painfully, I forced my eyes open, blinking against the harsh light. Rough hands dragged me across the ground. Panic exploded in my chest. Where was Lyra? Where were Maya and Mia? I tried to cry out, but only a whisper escaped my lips. I had been captured.

The soldiers spoke in low, urgent tones. Their uniforms shimmered strangely — they weren't human soldiers but Martians from the opposing faction, those who rejected peace. I struggled weakly, but it was no use. They hauled me into a dark transport pod hidden behind the trees. My heart pounded against my ribs like a drum, cold sweat breaking across my forehead.

As the pod's door slammed shut with a metallic thud, I realized the situation was worse than I'd thought. The transmitter had activated, but the message would take precious time to reach the armies. Until then, the invaders would carry out their plan, believing Earth unaware. And I — I was a pawn in a dangerous game.

Through the pod's small window, I caught a glimpse of Lyra's frantic face pressed against the glass of the dressing room. Maya and Mia shouted urgently, their arms waving, but the pod's hum drowned out their voices. My breathing quickened. I pressed my palm weakly against the glass, hoping Lyra would see me. She looked straight at me, mouthing silent words: *Hold on. We're coming.*

The pod vibrated, lifting from the ground. Through the window, London Park shrank into the distance. My stomach twisted in fear. Would they reach me in time?

Inside, the Martian soldiers argued in hushed voices. From snippets, I understood they were divided — some wanted to take me directly to the invasion leaders, others spoke of interrogation, and a few were nervous, fearing the universal message might expose them. Their fear gave me hope. If they were divided, if they were scared, maybe we still had a chance.

I closed my eyes, gathering every last shred of strength. I had to stay awake. I had to think clearly. Lyra wouldn't leave me behind. Maya and Mia had stood bravely by us. They wouldn't let this end without a fight.

I wasn't just fighting for my life. I was fighting for Mars. For Earth. For a future where both worlds could live without war.

Time slipped through our fingers like sand.

The final battle hadn't even begun.

When I woke, the sky was a blur of colors, and my body felt crushed under the weight of two worlds. I struggled to sit up, blinking against harsh sunlight. Lyra's voice called my name, faint and distant. Before I could understand what was happening, rough hands grabbed me and hauled me to my feet. A group of Martian soldiers surrounded me, their faces hidden behind heavy helmets.

"You are under arrest for treason against Mars," one barked coldly.

My heart plummeted. Lyra rushed forward but was held back by guards. Maya and Mia shouted protests, ignored.

Hadn't the signal worked? Hadn't we saved Earth?

It didn't matter. In their eyes, I was a traitor — alone.

They dragged me through the park. As the world blurred, I caught a glimpse of Lyra's wide, terrified eyes. Then, as we reached the military transport, a low rumble shook the ground.

A frantic command crackled through the radios.

The soldiers hesitated.

Something had changed.

Hope sparked inside me like a tiny flame.

Maybe… just maybe, this wasn’t the end.

Maybe there was still a way out.

I stumbled forward, each step heavier than the last. The cool Earth air brushed my borrowed human skin. Around me, the bustle of London Park carried on, unaware of the invisible battle that had just unfolded.

The Martian soldiers who had cornered me had vanished, leaving behind a heavy warning stitched into my heart: I was free — but only for now.

A strange mix of relief and sorrow tightened in my chest.

I thought of Lyra’s hopeful eyes, urging me on, and Maya and Mia, who had stood bravely beside us, believing in a future they could not yet see.

We had crossed galaxies, challenged fate, all for a fragile hope.

I remembered the cold certainty of the transmitter button beneath my fingers, the way it had shuddered through my bones when sending the signal home.

Somewhere far beyond the stars, Mars was waking to that message — a call for peace, a call to stop the war.

But peace was never guaranteed; it had to be fought for, day by day, heart by heart.

The beauty of London Park blurred around me, its small trees and bright flowers more precious than anything I’d ever known.

I realized painfully: I did not belong here.

My body grew weaker with every passing second; the human disguise drained what little strength I had left.

I was a child of Mars, my heart aching for dusty plains and twin suns setting low in the sky.

Still, Earth would be my refuge — where I would learn, wait, and heal.

I was not finished.

My mission — the true mission — was only beginning.

One day, when Mars was ready, when my people were ready, I would return.

I would not hide in shadows forever.

I would be the spark that lit a new dawn for my world.

The battles ahead would be harder, fiercer, demanding more than I ever imagined.

But I would rise to meet them.

For Lyra.

For Maya and Mia.

For every dreamer on Mars who still believed in peace.

For every human who looked up at the stars and dared to wonder.

I gazed up at the endless night sky, constellations burning like beacons of hope.

And I smiled.

My story was not ending — it was only beginning.

Epilogue

Earth was my refuge — the place to learn, to wait, to heal.

I was not done.

The mission — the true mission — stretched far beyond this moment.

One day, when Mars and its people were ready, I would return.

Not as a shadow, but as a light.

The spark to ignite a new dawn.

The battles ahead would demand all I had.

But I would rise.

For Lyra.

For Maya and Mia.

For every soul on Mars who dared to dream of peace.

For every human who reached for the stars.

The fight for freedom and peace would continue — not just for Mars, but for both worlds.

Because peace was worth fighting for, every breath, every heartbeat.